*King.* Well, let it strike.
*Buc.* Why let it strike?
*King.* Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging, and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
*Buc.* Why then resolue me whether you will or no?
*King.* Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Ex.*
*Buc.* Is it euen so, rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings* and be gone
To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on.

*Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.*

*Tir.* The tyranous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch-act of pitious massacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
*Dighton* and *Forrest* whom I did subborne,
To doe this ruthfull piece of butchery,
Although they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and compassion,
wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth *Dighton* lay those tender babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest* girding one another girdling
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a stalke, were
which their
When in there summer beauty kist each other,
A booke of prayer on their pillow lay,
Which once quoth *Forrest* almost-changd my mind,
But O the diuell! there the villaine stopt,
Whilst *Dighton* thus told, one we smothered, told on
The most replenisht sweet worke of nature ed
That from the prime Creation euer he framd,
They could not speake, and so I left them both, Thus Both
To bring these tidings to the bloody King, are gone w. Con
science & Remorse.

*Enter King Richard.*

And here he comes. All haile my soueraigne Liege.
*King.* Kind *Tirrel*, and I happy in thy news? am
*Tir.* If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happynesse, be happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

*King.*



*King.* But didst thou see them dead?
*Tir.* I did my Lord.
*King.* And buried gentle *Tirrell*?
*Tir.* The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.
*King.* Come to me *Tirrell* soone, after supper, at
And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
Meane time but ~~thinke how~~ I may do thee good
And be inheritor of thy desire, *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till soone.
The sonne of *Clarence* haue I pend vp close,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The sons of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmond* aimes
At young *Elizabeth*, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the Crowne,
To her I goe A iolly thriuing wooer, *Enter Catesby.*
*Cat.* My Lord.
*King.* Good news, or bad, that thou commest so bluntly? in
*Cat.* Bad news my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welchmen*
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
*King.* *Elie* with *Richmond* troubles me more neare
Then *Buckingham* and his rash leueld army: levied
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snale-pact beggery,
Then fiery expedition be my wings, wings
*Ioue*, *Mercury*, and Herald for a King:
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene Margret sola.*

*Q. Mar.* So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines slily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to *France*, hoping the consequence



Will